Upon the Death of His Late Highneſs,

OLIVER
LORD PROTECTOR
OF THE
COMMON-WEALTH
OF
England, Scotland and Ireland, and the Dominions
and Territories thereunto belonging.

AN ELEGIE.

AS (ſometime) fals the lofty *Cedar* down,
And knocks the Earth with his Cloud-neighbor Crown;
Or thoſe tall *Elms*, which by a fatal *Guſt*
Late forc'd, their *Stations* left, and kiſt the *duſt*;
Preſaging ſure (as at *Romes Founders* Fate
Th' *Eclipſe* and *Storm*) a *Breach* upon this *State*,
Too ſoon (*alas!*) fulfill'd: So fell this *Prince*,
Great, as *Virtue's* or *Valor's* Excellence
Could form an *Heroe*; whoſe *ſucceſſes* fill'd
The world with *Terror*; whoſe *Exploits* excell'd
Thoſe *Chiefs* of *Greece* and *Rome*, and ſpake a *fame*
Of lowder accents then *Guſtavus* name;
Whoſe *Fortunes* ſuch, his *Foes* as well might ſtem
The *current* of the *Baltique* Sea, as them;
Whoſe *Victories* taught *Civil wars* to ceaſe,
And laid *three Nations* in the armes of *Peace*;
Who thoſe *high mighty States*, that by the ſword
Redeem'd their Freedom from their *Spaniſh Lord*,
Ev'n in their *height*, ſubdu'd, and made them loer
Their tattred *Topſails* to his *Engliſh* power:
Proud *Romes* idol'trous *Son* his *Enſigns* next
Aſtonied, and in his *boſome* vext;
Witneſs thoſe *Cacus-dens* (rich by the harms
Of *England*) won by his *Herculean* Armes:
But *Heav'n* decreed that *Conqueſt*, ſo begun,
Should finiſh'd be by His *Illuſtrious Son*.
For now, to teach Earths *Potentates*, that *Fate*
Will ride triumphant in the *Palace* gate;
(Stern and impartial *Fate!*) whoſe ſtrict *Commands*
Not *Virtue*, wall'd with *Arts* and *Armes*, withſtands;
This meager *Serjeant* comes to act his part,
Arreſts his Life, and ſtabs his gen'rous heart;
Who by reſignment of his deareſt *Breath*
Proclaims aloud th' authority of *Death*.
That *day* which twice his Victor-brows with *Bayes*,
Had *crowned*, *crowns* now th' period of his *dayes*:
That ſignal *day* which *twice* renowns his *ſtory*,
Now the *third* time conſummates his *Glory*. (*world*,
The *Heav'ns* ſeem'd hung with black, *grief* vail'd the:
Tears delug'd *Earth*, the *Globe* fear'd to be hurld
Back to its *Chaos* load, *Confuſion* ſtood
A tiptoe, threatning a freſh Sea of *Blood*;
The broaken *Roof* preſag'd the *Fabricks* fall,
And mighty *ruine* laid a claim to all.
But (*ſacred Providence!*) there did appear
A morning *Sun*, to gild our *Hemiſphere*
With new and vigorous-*Light*, to cleer the *ſkies*,
Diſpel thoſe *clouds* of *Fear*, and dry our *eyes*:
Wiſe *Joſhua* aroſe in *Moſes* ſteed,
Eliſha here *Elijah* did ſucceed.

Thus warlike David *gaind the* Hebrew *Crown*,
And for Succeſſor left a Solomon.

Mira cano: Sol occubuit, Nox nulla ſecuta eſt.

T. Maybew.

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